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THE CALDRON

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 1.

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Quite Pleased:—A few years ago, when watches were not so common as they are at the present time an old Irishman took his "turnip" to a local watchmaker of some repute to be repaired. On returning for his treasure in a few days he asked if his watch was ready. "Yes sir," said the watchmaker, in tones of pride; "an do you know there's a wheel left over!" The old man was speechless with admiration.

Mr. Lane.—Steece, what is all around you?

Steece L.—Scholars.

Who told me that the orchestra was coming back?

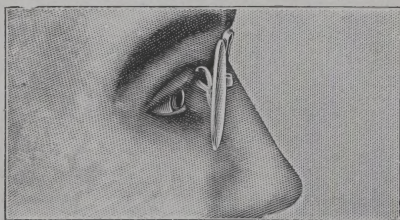
Nobody.

E. Wolf.—Exasperatus.

Mr. M. M.—Did he?

Did you say Rubber? not at the Troy Laundry. Shine is out of date. Press work is par excellence.

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CLEAR The Photographer

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An Old Mirror

On the wall of the Colonial club-house hung a plain old mirror. Its very plainness attracted and held me, and as I gazed into it I fancied that I could distinguish suggestions of forms starting from its clear depths and gradually become more definite.

That bright square in there is assuming the shape of a window—yes, a deep set casement, admitting the light through many lozenge-shaped panes upon a scene of Puritian austerity. In the middle of the room stands a solid looking old table of oak. Extending above it are the straight backs of three chairs; and beyond stands a spinning-wheel before the window.

The cheerful morning light of pergant June shines through the casement and makes distinct the corners of the room. A rose just out side the window is at bud. Three are here. The stalwart man in the coat of gray with the large, square, white collar has a face stamped with firmness. The silver frames of his spectacles touch other lines of silver among the black. Across the table his help-meet, as plain as he, sits knitting, with her ear turned to catch the words he gives from the Book, and her eye gazing with a mother's pride on the sweet maid who sits spinning before the window.

A new comer. He is spirited and young. His shining sword and richly guarded coat contrast strangely with the plain gray and white of the elder.

Through the silver rims comes a frown of disapproval, from across the table a look of doubt, from the spinning-wheel by the window a look of bashful admiration. He bows with the ease of court, and grasps the strong hand proffered in awkward hesitation. He talks to the man in gray, but his glance turns toward the spinning-wheel before the window.

The warm afternoon-glow of ripening August streams through the casement and softens the angles of the room. The rose-bush just outside the window is at bloom. Two are here. She is sitting at the spinning-wheel. He is sitting near. Her deft white hands are directing the blurring strokes. Gently his hand touches the wheel, it pauses, and he drops down beside her. His hand draws hers from the distaff; his eyes try to look into hers. He leans closer and speaks to her; she listens to him, but gazes at a rose just outside the window. With anxious eyes he waits—waits—until the gentlest of smiles suffuses a cheek like the rose. Then he crushes her tenderly, kissing her cheeks, her forehead, her lips. They sit together on the bench before the spinning wheel till the setting sun spreads an aureole around their faces. Then the coat of gray passes by the window and enters. The young man steps to meet the other, and begins to speak to him earnestly. Two iron gray brows begin to knit and lower in indignation. Confidence, disappointment, de-

jection cross a manly young face; trembling hope yields to grief in two sweet blue eyes.

As the richly garded coat passes back by the rose-bush just outside the window, the upper rim of the disk sinks out of sight—and, now, the advancing twilight shades a picture of a young woman weeping.

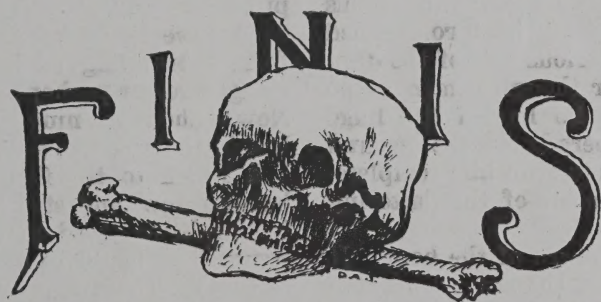
The cheerless afternoon—gray of chilling November spreads through the casement, and makes lonely the aspect of the room. A large, old rose-bush sways in the wind and sleet just outside the window. She, alone, at the table, in the lines of the careaged face little remains of the brightness of those sweet

blue eyes. Trembling hands are tearing the seal of a crested letter. She reads it at a look; she stares it through again—and falls with arm outstretched upon the table.

The chilling rain has ceased. The pale light of the waning moon, silvering the raindrops on the lozenge-shaped panes, has silently laid a gauze of white over the form of a woman bent over a table. Near her hand is a sheet of crested paper.

As I gazed, the forms faded into indefiniteness and sank back into the clear depths of the plain, old mirror, whose very plainness attracted and held me.

H. B. SELL.



A Fad Fathomed

Richard Kendall entered his little apartments. A smile of triumphant satisfaction lighted up the face of the young author, as he drew the only chair in the narrow room to a rough looking writing table, and in the gloomy light of a sooty oil lamp read from a newspaper a group of glowing lines to the following effect: "Daring attempt at robbery frustrated by as daring a young man, Richard Kendall, writer and author, proves himself a hero." The account continued to give the details of an attack by a robber upon an unknown gentleman, on his way to the hotel, late on the preceding evening, and of his subsequent rescue. "The hero, seemed versed in the mysterious arts of the Japanese wrestler, for though a man of no great dimensions, he hurled the huge body of the desperado to the ground with such force as to stun him completely." These were some of the flattering words.

Kendall was the hero of the hour. It was no wonder that the struggling man of letters rejoiced in reading his own praises for as he rightly judged, the notoriety thus gained would increase the interest of his allready rather popular production, and in the end, pave his way to more substntial fame.

He had finished reading the article and now listlessly holding the paper as he leaned back in his chair, was making a mental perusal of what he had just read. Suddenly he started up as if struck by

an invisible hand and exclaimed half aloud, "Richard Kendall". His own name, you will say, but, strange indeed as it may seem it was full of import to him. In the midst of inquisitive reporters, and curious interviewers he had forgotten that he was himself a fugitive from justice, and in the excitement of the movement he had disclosed his real name, the clue which would soon bring the officers of his native city baying at his heels. The startled expression of his countenance changed to one of fear. For three long years he had, under an assumed name, avoided publicity and observation, struggling with poverty in order to prevent the formal branding of himself as a man slaughterer or perhaps even a murderer. Now without warning that danger stared him in the face like a demon. His paper had fallen to the floor; the lamp was burning low, and still he sat, his whirling brain involved in an awful mental struggle. Should he again flee from detection? The pictures of past events came and went before his eyes. More vivid than any that of the fatal night. The dim light of the kerosene lamp seemed to him transmuted into an electric glare, lighting up the emblem bedecked walls of a college club room, and the faces of jolly companions, while his ears even then seemed to catch a part of the spirited argument, on the then popular fad, "Jiu Jitsu." Van Courtland's chal-

lenge and his own acceptance, accompanied by the cheers of the jovial companions seemed to follow in quick succession; then the powerful Courtland stripping off his coat, preparing to settle the discussion by personally demonstrating to him that science in wrestling stood as nothing against the odds of weight and strength, and lastly Courtland's ponderous body hurling in mid-air to crash a moment later to the floor, lifeless,—before that omnious black fraternity banner with its golden skull and cross-bones.

He seemed to awaken from his unhappy reverie as if reproved by the rigid stare of that glittering death head. Without once looking back at his victim he had on that awful night left the room almost unconscious of his own existence. And now after three years fortune frowned upon him in this miserable attic. Despair was written in every line of his countenance. It was very late. He drew forth his watch, the only unpawned valuable yet in his possession. He opened it, not however, to acquaint himself with the time, for it was the back of it which he opened, and there disclosed the likeness of a fair, smiling face. It's merriment seemed to reflect itself upon his own features, for there was in them joy mingled with sadness. How could he be away from her any longer? He would go home and face the whole affair bravely. She whom on account of shame he had at first feared to meet, and to avoid meeting, had ran away, was now the means of bringing him home.

PART II.

The next morning broke forth in calm autumnal beauty. Our hero again wore an unmistakable air of triumph, as when we first saw him. The new victory, however, was one, not over poverty, but over

his own petty fears. Now that he had decided to meet things face to face, the future did not appear so dark. He was wondering how it could be, that his where-about's had never been learned by those hound-like detectives, when there occurred, a knock at the door and a messenger handed him a letter. He opened, and, read: "My Dear Rescuer, Should like very much to give to you my sincere, thanks in person. Kindly call at room 6, St. John's Hospital and prepare for further surprise from

E. C."

"Surprise from E. C.," repeated Kendall, who can it be that has a surprise for me? A very short time saw him at the hospital, the superintendent showed him room 6, and surprised he truly was, for, instead of finding the looked for miserably, battered up victim, there, leaning back in a Morris chair was an able-bodied young man, holding the morning paper and whimsically grinning through the profuse bandages about his head, as he shouted out: "Hello, Dick." "Jiu-Jitsu forever!" Kendall was speechless for a moment. Here, in glowing health sat Courtland, the man whose ghost, bleached and shrunken, had haunted his dreams for years; for whose untimely death he had been condemning himself to wretchedness. "What," he at length exclaimed. "Holy Ressurrection, can it be! Am I sane? Are you Edward Courtland?"

"Don't spout there like a gattling gun," returned Courtland, laughing out rightly. "You're sane, I hope; I am Courtland and you are Dick Kendall, if I remember rightly, an old college chum of mine, besides." The conflict of emotions again resulted in dumb silence on the part of Kendall while Courtland continued; "Don't you think that by this time I ought to be convinced of the practical value of Jiu-Jitsu? In the

first place in trying to prove it you almost killed me and now you simply telescoped that poor devil, the other evening. Oh no Dick, I'll no longer call it a hobby of yours. Jiu-Jitsu is an art. But you might at least have waited to bid me farewell or attend my funeral. It would have saved you a lot of trouble."

But Kendall seemed insulated against this half jesting, half serious conversation of his ever optimistic companion, for he made no reply. His thoughts were wandering in the scenes of far off home with his mother, and above all, with her whose mere portrait had so often cheered him; who, ever present in his memory, had, even inspired some of the best thoughts on his own writings. His musings, however, were cut short by the restless Courtland. Before the hour was over they had decided to leave for home as soon as possible,

PART III.

The train was in full speed toward the dear college town. To Kendall the trees on either side seemed in a joyous race, each telling him that he was nearer home than the last. He and his companion had been silent for some time, which on Courtland's part was really a commendable feat. But Courtland had been thinking. To break the monotony he now proposed to Kendall a novel way of introducing himself to his friends at home. They would arrive at their destination late that day, and instead of going home at once, it was his plan to break in upon the meeting of the Alumni Literary Society which he knew would be in session. Here he could meet all of his old friends at once and give them a genuine surprise, Kendall could not do otherwise than agree to the arrangement, so, that evening while the usual debate was taking place, they uncerimoniously

entered; the assembly rooms. After the debate the president of the club read a paper entitled "Modern Writers". Among other works enumerated and criticised was 'A Rash Deed', a novel of unusual merit by one "Ignotus". In it the author "seems in love with his subject and especially with his heroine, in whose description he seems eloquent, almost to a fault."

Kendall's heart had begun to beat faster at the first mention of his work and by the time the reader had finished was fairly knocking like a hammer at his ribs. He was thinking of the portrait in his watch and of those, to him magical words, "In love was his heroine," as his eyes involuntarily fastened themselves on that fair secretary, diligently plying her inkless pen upon the surface of the table showing all too plainly, by that sign of embarrassment that she was aware of Kendall's close scrutiny of herself and perhaps even of his identity, so that, Courtland playfully jabbed Kendall's sides and whispered, "You'll not need an introduction to Clare."

After the adjournment of the regular meeting Courtland introduced our hero as "Ignotus, author of 'A Rash Deed' better known as Richard Kendall." At the sound of the word, Kendall, recognition was instantaneous. His peculiar personality which in his college days made him the most popular of all the students was as marked as ever. His old friends encircled him and in one breath expressed their surprise and welcome. Some one cried "speech!" The rest favored the suggestion and Kendall was forced to respond.

It was late that evening, Kendall was again sitting wrapped in thought, but this time the room in which he sat, was his own old room, which his loving mother had kept for him as if he had never been absent. The star of his fortune

was in its ascendancy. Here was Clare the ideal of his youth, still unscathed, his growing literary laurels, and above all the good will and opinions of his fellows, all his. The next day would be Thanksgiving Day, already the hands

of his watch indicated, the first hour of the next day before his pent up emotions permitted him to rest, and with a heart filled with gratitude, fit to usher in that day Kendall at length fell asleep.

Stewart's Double Victory

"Have any of you fellows seen Stewart" said Hal Richard as he rushed up to a group of Oberlin students. "Only a half hour before the game and he has not shown up yet."

"Just been talking about him, Hal," answered one of the students. "He entered the gymnasium as we passed it." "I guess you'll find him there."

"All right" said Hal and hurried in the direction of the gymnasium.

The foot ball game today seemed very important to the students of both Oberlin and Hamilton, for it would decide the championship between the two colleges. This day had long been waited for and now that it had come, the admirers of both teams had filled the grandstand and bleachers, with many on the side-lines. At two o'clock, the teams trotted into the field amid the cheers of the spectators, but the students of Oberlin soon noticed that Stewart, their quarter-back, the best player on the team was not present. His absence caused much anxiety and was the cause of Hal Richard's search for him.

"Just think," one of the players said, "here it is two fifteen and if he doesn't show up pretty soon, we will have to put a "sub" in his place. That will mean sure defeat."

At two-thirty the referee's whistle blew, and as Oberlin had won the toss-up, they lined up for the kick-off while Hamilton spread out in front of the north goal. It was at this moment that the Hamilton players noticed that Stewart was not on the field and now they became very confident of victory for they feared him because they considered him the backbone of the opposing team.

Again the referee's whistle blew and the game was on. The ball was kicked off to Dolan of Hamilton and downed at Oberlin's forty yard line, and by a series of line plunges brought to the five yard line. But here they lost the ball and Oberlin, after two unsuccessful attempts at end runs, punted. In the next down, Hamilton punted and Jones, Oberlin's sub-quarter, in place of Stewart, caught it and in attempting to return it, failed. This added to the down-heartedness of the Oberlin team. After that the ball was carried back and forth, but with neither side scoring and the first half ended with the score 0 to 0, but with the hopes of the Oberlin players very much crushed for they saw that they would lose if Jones played in the second half.

During the intermission the Oberlin players went to their club-house to rest. When they arrived there, they found

Stewart, in uniform talking with Hal Richard, the manager. The players brightened up when they saw him and when the captain spied him he said, "You're a great one, where have you been?"

"I came in after the game had started, explained the quarter-back," and seeing that Jones was doing all right, I decided to wait and play the second half. The score is 0 to 0 and I'll not be tired when I go in, so we'll have one advantage over them anyway."

"Well, you ought to have a good calling down," replied the captain, "but we'll let it go this time."

They then trotted into the field and when the Oberlin admirers discovered that Stewart was among the players, they cheered and yelled with delight. The Oberlin players joined in and greatly encouraged by his presence, they went into the game with enthusiasm. The second half was harder-fought than the first. Up and down the field went the two teams, but never nearing either goal close enough to even hope for a touch down. The spectators looked and wondered, the players even wondered themselves that neither side had scored a point. At last Fleming of Hamilton, broke away from the fighting mass and started towards Oberlin's goal with the ball. Every one began to think that this would be a sure touch down. The field seemed to be cleared before him, but as if rising from out of the earth, a figure appeared before the runner, tackled and downed him. It was Stewart

and he had saved the day, for had he not stopped Fleming, Hamilton would have had five points. In a few minutes the half was up with score still 0 to 0. This meant an overtime game.

During the intermission one excited individual said to his friend, "I wonder if Stewart will do it?"

"There is time yet," answered his friend.

"Yes! but look at the chance he had in the last half."

"That's true," But he may do something yet."

"Well if he doesn't, he shall hear from me after the game, but think what I will lose. Look! there are the teams lined up for the first down."

His friend looked up and saw the two teams clash together, but the play resulted in a fumble and the ball rolled away from the fighting mass. Just at this moment a messenger-boy handed the two excited individuals an envelope. One of them hurriedly opened it and took a roll of bills and a note which ran as follows:

Mr. Kennedy:—Enclosed please find money which you handed me before the game. I wish to inform you that I still have honor enough to be faithful to my school.

Respectfully,

L STEWART.

The two men looked at each other and then into the field and saw Stewart fall across Hamilton's goal line with the ball in his hands, making the only touch-down of the game. H. J. K. '07.

EDITORIALS

The Caldron.

Published monthly by the Senior Class of the
Manual Training School of Fort Wayne, Ind.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Adolph Hofer	Editor-in-Chief
Florence Foster	} Literary
Edna Eby	
Annie Rothchild	Society
Louis Crosby	Exchanges
Thomas Kelly	Athletics
May Randall	} Illustrating
Douglas Johnston	
William McKay	Yowls
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Otto Gumper	} Business
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Single Copy	10 cents
Per year	75 cents
Mail Subscriptions	90 cents

The Caldron herewith makes its first appearance for the year 1906-'07. Now, for three years has it flourished in our school and maintained a high standard of excellence among publications of its kind. Thus far the generous and uniform support of the school as a whole has been the secret of its success and,

sincerely do we hope, that this enthusiasm on the part of our student body, for the upholding of one of our schools brightest ornaments, will continue to be as strong as ever.

In its career the Caldron has suffered several revolutions. It has been inaugurated into existence as a senior paper. However, for weighty reasons, which, here, need no discussion, the preceding senior class thought it best to credit it as a school paper. For reasons, just as convincing, the present seniors have resumed the original idea and thus we have 'The Caldron, published by the senior class.

A 'rose has fallen from' our 'chaplet'. One opportunity to distinguish our school has been lost. The orchestra, after attaining such remarkable successes and enviable praise, has, because of some minor differences with the school authorities, become independant. Our 'High-school Orchestra' is no more. But —was all the music of our whole number encompassed in that few? Are there none among us interested enough to try to organize anew?



On the 22nd of Sept. the members of the Athletic Association met and elected the following officers: H. D. Merrell, Pres.; Emerson Woolf '07, Vice Pres.; Harry Krueper '07, Sec'y. and Treas. Mr. Ritter the retiring president was tendered the thanks of the association for the way he managed the affairs last year.

Mr. Vesey has made left guard on the Mercersburg varsity and Chas. Pask and Willard Stockbridge have made places on the freshman team at Perdue University.

Early in the term we called a mass meeting of the boys to discuss foot ball. Some enthusiasm was manifested, but on a call for candidates for the team, only 14 boys, who are eligible to play, responded. Many of these were sadly lacking in weight and experience, so foot ball has been abandoned.

Prospects for base ball are better. The series of inter-class games last spring revealed an abundance of good base ball material. During the past weeks, we

have been doing some work with the candidates and our confidence is increasing daily. Two games have been played with the strong Concordia College team, and the boys did well, especially in the second game. We did not expect to win,—the college team would be a proposition for the very best amateur team. We gained some much needed experience and picked up many valuable points. Incidentally, it was demonstrated that the high school team, that we shall meet next spring, must look to their laurels. If the boys maintain the required standard in their studies there is no reason why we should not have a successful base-ball season. As there are two acceptable candidates for almost every position on the team we are not worrying much about the eligibility question.

There has been some talk about a basket ball team but no definite plans have been formulated. The great difficulty is to find a suitable place to practice. The gymnasium is entirely too small.

The prospects for a track team are not encouraging. Practically all of the old point winners graduated last spring or will be out of school next spring. However, the new material has not been canvassed.

The interest in tennis is increasing and the school will be well represented in this most interesting sport. We would like very much to meet some of

our rivals on the tennis court, the games to be conducted according to State Athletic association rules.

The local association is out of debt and has a small—very small—bank account. A determined effort will be made during the winter to increase the membership and the finances.

H. D. MERRELL.





Although almost all social happenings of the summer stopped at the opening of school on September 10, nevertheless the school season promises to be very gay.

The first great event of the season was the Senior Social, which took place on October 12, at Tanner's Hall. About 150 people enjoyed the usual good-time, and were very generous in buying the high school and frat banners, and the delicious candy.

A beautiful F. W. H. S. pillow, made by Florence Foster, was raffled off and won by Amie Rothschild. The social was certainly a great success, and has started the ball rolling for the other classes.

On Friday evening, September 14, both the active and alumni members of the Phi Alpha Psi were entertained by Edward Olds.

The active members of the "Frat" enjoyed a business and social meeting at the home of George Evans on September 29.

Friday, September 14, Henry Sell was "spiked" for the "Frat."

Herbert Miller entertained the Phi Alpha Psi fraternity, Saturday, Oct. 13.

Alexander Olds, an alumnus of the

"Frat" has entered Harvard University.

Budd Sweringen entertained the Delt's at a card part on August 31, at his home.

On September, Maurice Lohman gave a pretty dinner followed by a dance, at the Kekionga Golf club, for the active members of the Delta Sigma New, and the boys who were leaving for college.

Barlett Shryock and Edward McCaskey have been "spiked" for the fraternity.

Maurice Lohman entertained the active members of the "Frat" at a "stag eat", Saturday, September 22.

Herbert Fee entertained the fraternity on Saturday, October 6.

Helen Colerick entertained the W. E. B's. the members of which club are Clara Bash, Gladys Hughes, Louise Pickard, Louise Lehman, Charlotte Lites, Desdore Stevens, and Bertha Israel.

Bertha Israel entertained the club at progressive pedro, at which Gladys Hughes won the prize, on October 12.

The third annual convention of the Beta Phi Sigma fraternity was held in Anderson, September 5, 6, 7. It was the most successful meeting held so far, both in respect to the number of chapters represented, and to the important business transacted.

On the evening of the fifth there was an informal reception of the members and the business of the evening was getting acquainted. On the following night was the convention dance, the largest ever given, there being more than one hundred and fifty couples in attendance. The next evening occurred the banquet which was begun with an address of welcome by the mayor of Anderson. At the close of the banquet all joined in singing the "Frat" song.

The convention will meet in Marion next year,

Ray Smaltz, Leonard McCurdy, Frank Barton and Alfred Gross have been spiked for the "Frat."

The Beta's enjoyed a six o'clock dinner given by Charles Comparet, August 30.

Arthur Barton is a "Frat" man transferred to this chapter from Wabash.

Harry Clark and Seymour Misner have gone to King Tech.

Earl Waterman entered Culver.

Willard Stockbridge entered Purdue this fall.

On Saturday, September 9, Helen Peters and Ruth Evans were initiated into the Gamma Delta Tau sorority.

On Saturday, October 6, the sorority initiated Helen Morris, at the home of Ruth Evans.

The sorority has pledged Gladys Hughes, Fayma Bradehaw, Georgia Saylor, Elizabeth Porter, Virginia Harper, Mildred Saylor, and Clara Bash.

The first business meeting of the Alpha Omega sorority was held at the home of Miss Esther Auger on the night of September 13. Officers were elected for the coming year and Misses Irma Poole and Ruth Caldwell were pledged for the sorority.

Miss Katherine Archer entertained the active members and their boy friends at progressive pedro on September 20.

Miss Helen Bassett entertained the active members of the sorority and their boy friends at progressive games, on October 19.

Misses Irma Poole and Ruth Caldwell were initiated into the sorority October 12.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the four new teachers at school. Although few of us are in any of their classes we feel sure from the reports of others that the school will be very much bettered by their presence.

Miss Haskins, the English teacher, is a graduate of Ann Arbor.

Prof. Pursfield, the manual training teacher, is also a graduate of Ann Arbor.

Miss Hart, the drawing teacher, graduated from Art Institute, Chicago.

Miss Lineltyly, teacher of history and Latin, graduated at Indiana University, and then took a course at Chicago University.

Whiting Alden and Winthrop Lane are at Michigan.

Mrs. Wooley, a graduate of Indiana University, is a new instructor in algebra.

Miss Ruth Beers has entered Vassar.

Miss Clara Thieme is at Smith.

Miss Hadji Dawson is at Oxford.

Miss Jeanette Morris is attending Miss Ely's school.

Brown Cooper is at Dartmouth.

Misses Anna Heyman, Gertrude Warner and Millie Thompson are at the Training school.

Helen Harper will leave for Washington the first of October.

Harris Hartman entered North Western University, Evanston, Ill.

Miss Bertha Peters and Evelyn Fisher are at Florence College, Washington.





In our first number of this school term, we wish to welcome all our former and any new exchanges.

Only a few exchanges have reached us up to the time of this issue, but all of them have set such a high standard that they give promise of a bright future in the journalistic world. We expect more exchanges next month.

This year, the same as last year, every student will have an opportunity to read any exchange that he may desire by making arrangements with the exchange editor.

The Detroit Student, one of our first exchanges, comes out in flying colors. Each department has a special feature.

The Japanese just jiu-jitsu,

It is a terrible thing if it gitsu,
You're up in the air

Before you know where
You're at when the awful thing hitsu.

EXPERIMENT XXI CHEM. II.

Action of potassium iodine upon sulphur: This reaction usually takes place in the dark and is accompanied by a small, smacking explosion.—Equati:

Mighty is thy Mr. McCormick and his prizes, Argus, and great are the results. Such as story as "Mary" is worthy of note.

HYBRID.

He mixed some nitro-glycerine—

They say his name was Bob—
Obgleich man suchte uberall,
Sie fanden nie den Knab.

"Conductor! Conductor! Stop the car! I've dropped my wig out of the window."

"Never mind, madam, there's a switch just this side of the station."

"Oi want a pair of shoes for me boy."

"French kid?"

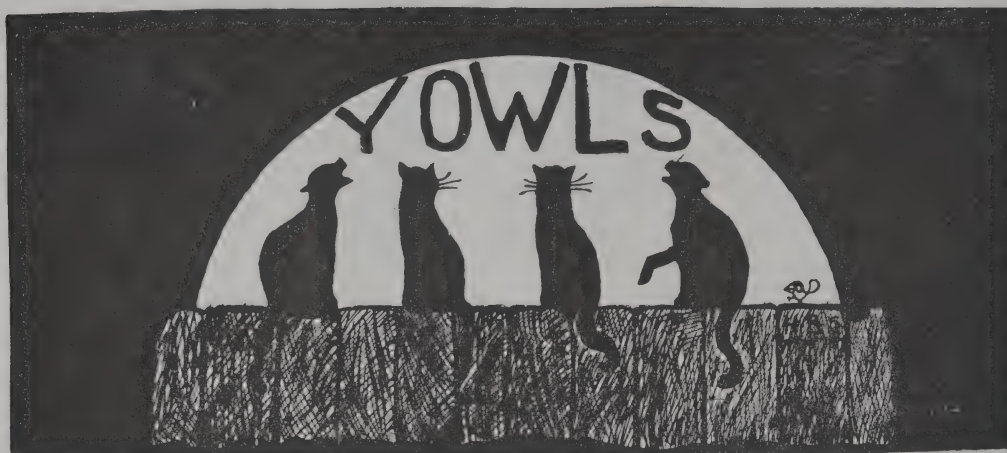
"No, sir; Oirish."

In Mohawk vallie
(1804)

Ten pritie maids
And youths—a score,
Went out upon
A sleighing partie.

In Mohawk vallie
(1804)

A band of Indians
Split ye gore
Of pritie maids
And youth (a score)
A slaying partie.—Old Tale,



Mr. Miles—In music—How does it come that none of the girls like to sit in the first row.

Freshie in Rear.—Because that is the baldheaded row.

Margaret A.—When a word has only one syllable, where does the accent come?

Louise P. (translating German)—He drank his beer up.

Miss Hochbaum.—No he didn't, he drank it down.

"Darling," Fred's voice was soft and pleading.

"Darling," he repeated "I want to ask you one question which will decide my fate." "Will you?" here he looked down into the soft brown eyes and hesitated. "Darling will you?" he choked, sighed and gaining courage from the friendly light in the eyes so near him went on, "lend me ten dollars."

"Of course, old man" said Jack Darling as he rose and took Fred's arm.

—Happy Heini.

THE TRADEGY OF THE KITCHEN.

The pumpkin was having its face cut up
The turnip was already dead,
The potato's eyes had all been cut out,
The cabbage was loosing its head.

Little Willie McKay they say,
Fell into the fire one day,
To ashes he burned and the room became
chilly
But none cared to poke up Willie.

EPITAPH.

Here lies little Willie McKay,
He has turned to an angel the people say,
But everyone knows that as gossips goes,
You'll hear things topsy-turvy.

A Woody Proposition.

M. Doty.—Were you drunk when you dressed yourself?

THE FABLE OF THE ATHLETE.

(By H. B. S.)

Sing ye merrily! Blow the blatant trumpet! Clash the clanging cymbals! For he cometh! Yea! he strideth down the hall with strides 4 1-2 feet long! But who is it that cometh adown the hall with strides 4 1-2 feet long? Harken ye! he is the ATHLETE! He toileth not neither doth he spin. Oftimes—yea, even as oft as once a week—cometh he to see his teachers. For sooth it would be grievous, should he forget to sandwich in a layer of learning betwixt one stratum of foot ball and another of track team.

For in the eary springtime he whollopeth a hair filled ball named indoor. Also doeth he toss the wind filled basket ball. Later he slideth home on his left ear and findeth all is for naught because the cruel catcher has already caught the ball. Later and lo! he blossometh forth in a pleasant smile, a dinky cap and a track suit. He sheddeth his sweater and prepareth to run a race. The pistol cracketh, he starteth, he steppeth on his shoe string and wrencheth an ankle. He now gathereth unto himself two canes and hobbleth to school a HERO.

But now cometh the vacation time when it seemeth unfit that he should remain in school, so he hieth himself unto the bliss and quiet of a summer hotel and waiteth till the summer has summered and the fall fallen.

The college boys ask for our No. 3 Varsity suit. Nothing like it in any other store in the city.

THE PATTERSON STORE.

ODE TO THE FRESHMEN.

Blessings upon you bare-foot boy,
Casting aside your baby toys,
Sacrificing all your joys
To brave the dangers of a hazing.
Seems to everyone most amazing.
With all your greenness and your gall
You shuffle on through fame's broad hall,
For knowledge craving, and evermore
Yearning to be a sophomore.

AN EVOLUTION.

(By H. B. Squibo.)

Ye Freshman singeth a merry song
(And winketh his eye with a smile)
Of a feast and a ride with ye pretty girl
(His gayness will last but a while.)

Ye Sophomore singeth a boastful song
(And holdeth his head full high)
Of all that he knows, and the place he fills
(But soon his pride low will lie.)

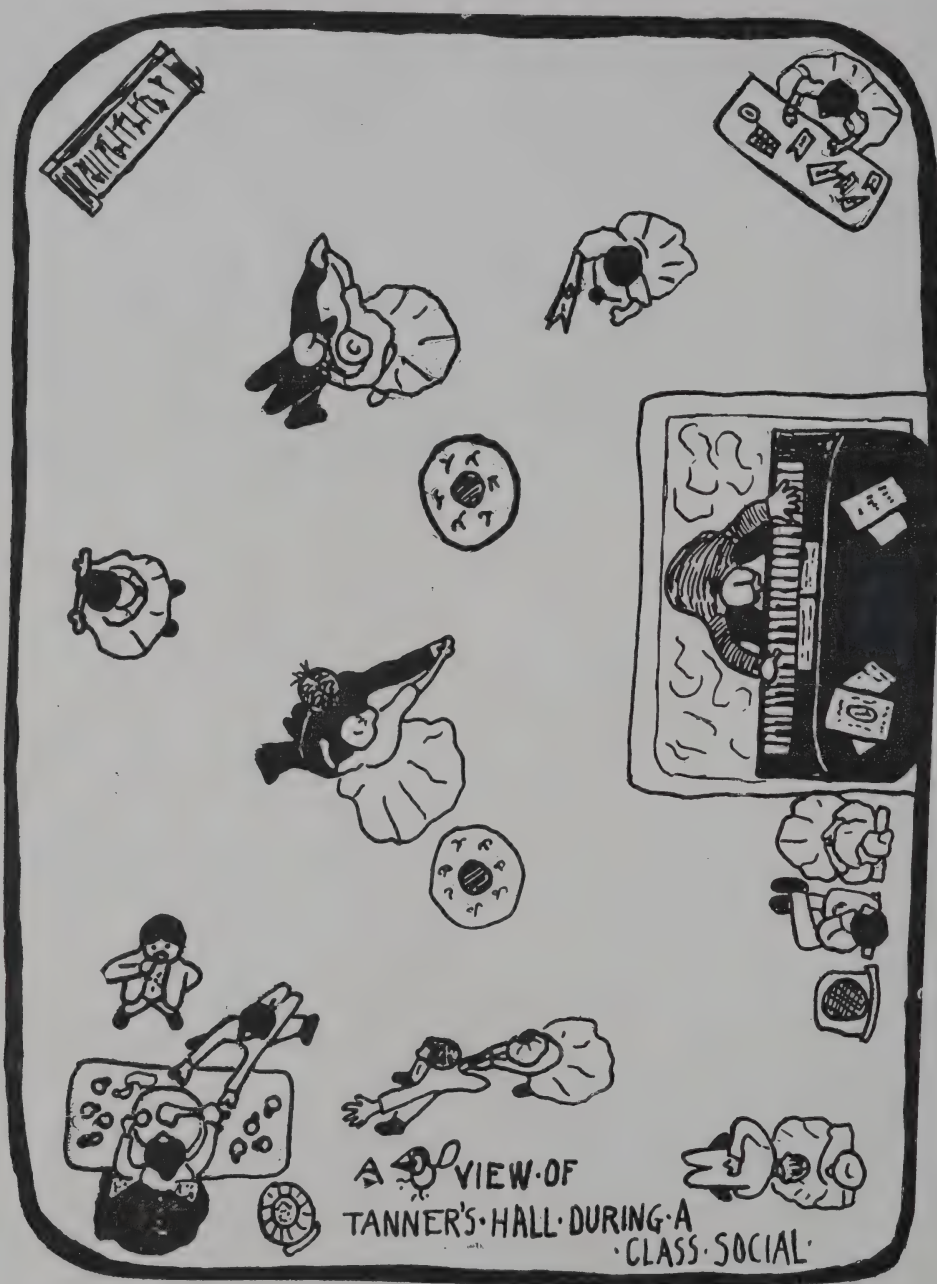
Ye Junior singeth a weary song
(And filleth the air with a broan)
Of physics, of duties his years bring on
(But soon he'll no longer make moan.)

Ye Senior singeth a knowing song
(With great words that are solemnly furred)
Of the ways of man kind he thinks he can mend,
(But he knows not the cold, cold world.)

YOU WONT HAVE TO STUDY LONG
where to buy your furnishings

UMSTED AND BREITT.

Have everything.



Miss Hochbaum, after sending three boys from the room. "I will have order in this class if I have to send everyone out of it.

C. Shonts.—They roll their voice through the rooms.

SOME A. B. C's OF HIGH SCHOOL.

A is for Ashley who lives on a farm,
B is for Banning, whom no one will harm,

C is for Crosby, with cheeks so red,
D is for Durfey who can draw a Gibson head,

E is for Evans who ought to wear curls,
F is for Fee who makes a hit with the girls,

G is for Gumpfer who handles the "mun,"

H is for Hofer who the Caldron does run,

I is for Ingham who's Dutch is so "bum,"

J is for Johnson who thinks he can draw,

K is for Kelly who eats chemicals raw,

L is for Lohman, who is a fashion plate,

M is for Miller who's form you can't imitate,

N is for Noble with his expression of bliss

O is for the orchestra which we always will miss.

P is for Porter who knows Vergil by heart

Q is for quarrels with which the Freshies loathe to part.

R is for Mr. Ramsey, who teaches chemistry,

S is for Sweringen of whom I have nothing to say,

T is for trouble which all of us know,

U is for Unity, which no classes know

V is for Von Kahlden, whom we all love

W is for Walker who is innocent as a dove,

X is for Xams which are ever so bad,

Z is for Zero which all of us have had.

Everybody works but McCormick,
He sits around all day,
Of course he works at home,
There he don't have his own way;
He has the eye of an eagle,
And will catch you if he can,
Every body works in high school
But the algebra man.

Everybody works but the Janiter,
He don't work you bet,
He gets his salary any way,
Why should he fret.
Others can brush the desks off,
And wield the big dust pan,
Every body works in high school,
But the janitor man.

It is almost time for the Freshmen to discover that the Caldron box on the first floor is not a receptacle for cigar-ashes and theatre tickets.

Mr. Von Kahlden—What case is "linker Hand?"

Harvey I.—Ablative.

Mr. Von Kahlden.—No, we lost the ablative case about 2700 years ago.

Money is a transitory commodity,

Fame is lasting.

We want both,

Yours in mens wear,

UMSTED AND BREITT.

RIDDLE.

Who got the devil?

Answer.—Mr. McMillan.

No friction on linen in the use of
"Press" ironing, doubles the life of
shirts. Try it at the Troy Laundry.
Phone 160.

Mr. Lane.—Steece, what is all around
you?

Steece L.—Scholars.

Who told me that the orchestra was
coming back?

Nobody.

E. Wolf.—Exasperatus.

Mr. M. M.—Did he?

Wear the Manhattan shirt sold by
Patterson.

The Patterson store receives a ship-
ment of new neckwear each week.

Knowing full well the ability of the
poet of 1910 we wish to mention that
we do not consider her the writer of such
poetry. Each member of the school may
form, in his own mind, opinions as to the
character of the poetry and the ability
of the poet who wishes to aspire to the
lofty position of poet of 1910.

Did you say Rubber? not at the Troy
Laundry. Shine is out of date. Press
work is par excellence.

The new way—is to press the shirts
into shape—try it you will be agreeably
surprised. TROY LAUNDRY.

ODE TO SOPHOMORES.

There little boy don't cry,

They have broken your playthings I
know,

But you'll want them no more.

You're a sophomore,

They are things of a year ago,

There little Soph. don't cry.

ACT I.

Scene I. A long narrow hall—Bright
sunshine. Enter three Sophomores.

1st. Soph.—When shall we three meet
again?

At the Vaudeville, Majestic, or Cal-
houn and Wayne?

2nd. Soph.—When the classes have just
passed.

And students in the halls are massed.

3rd. Soph.—That will be after half
past one.

1st. Soph.—Where the place?

2nd. Soph.—By the rear door.

3rd. Soph.—There to meet with some-
more.

Did you see the celluloid shine on that
shirt bossom? It wasn't done on the
presses at the Troy Laundry. Phone 160.

Professor to student translating Latin,
Hadn't you better turn over the page,
you have already translated three lines
on the next page."—Ex.

CONSERVATIVE PROGRESSIVE FAITHFUL

This bank is the oldest bank in Northern Indiana through its predecessors, the original bank having been organized in 1835. Its capital is \$350,000; its surplus \$240,000, with resources of \$2,844,384.92.

Commercial and Individual Accounts Are Solicited.

OLD NATIONAL BANK

Henry C. Paul, Pres.

W. H. Rohan, Cashier.

Charles E. Bond, Vice-Pres.

Stephen Morris, Ass't Cashier,

No stretching of bands or bulging of shirt bosoms done on press machines at the Troy Laundry. Phone 160.

Shirts laundred on press machines surpasses hand work at the Troy Laundry. Phone 160.

GRINDS.

The potato's eyes were filled with tears,
The cabbage bowed its head;
There was grief in the cellar on that day,
For the vinegar's mother was dead.—Ex.

WILLIE ON LITERATURE.

"That", said Willie, as he launched a heavy volume at his little brother's head, is a coming book. It is bound to make a hit."—Ex.

FOOLISH~

People go elsewhere and pay \$10 more for their Suit than we charge. Come here and we will make you feel good.

WHY? High grade work and low prices.

UP-TO-DATE TAILORS

1114-1115 CALHOUN ST.

Opposite Cathedral.

The Parrot Studio

AND ART STORE

227 E. BERRY ST.

Beautiful Pictures for the Home and School in Water - colors, Pastels, Photo-gravures, Etchings, Engravings and Copy Prints.

Artistic Picture Framing.

Wanted—Some ablebodied, sympathetic old lady to watch over and guard a small boy who is wont to get into trouble. The little boy is not naturally bad but the big boys have a bad influence on him and play nasty mean tricks on him—Apply to Paul Walker—No references required.

There are a lot of people in school who think that the Caldron boxes are in the halls chiefly for the ornamental effect. We allow that these boxes are right cute and neat and that the gold letters are a work of art but when the grind editor opens the box in high hope and expectation he does not notice the pretty grain of the oak or the artistic gold letters.

AT THE JUNIOR JIGG.

This banner looks like thirty cents.
Yes, but it will sell like sixty.

He comes down the hall with short, fast steps. He draws near and we see him fasten his brightly shining eyes covetously on a small box on the wall. He draws from his pocket a large bunch of keys and selects one from their midst. With trembling hand he raises the key and thrusts it eagerly into the key-hole. Hoping and fearing he fixes his eyes on the door—with fluttering heart and throbbing temples he turns the key and throws back the door—But there is nothing there. It is the Caldron box.



**TRENKLEY & KOEBER'S
LEADING JEWELERS**

Invite you one and all to inspect their great
assortment of seasonable Jewelry
for the coming Holidays.

WE DEAM IT A PLEASURE TO SHOW GOODS.

THE GIFT STORE
816 CALHOUN ST.

***Seibler Tailoring
Company . . .***

Made to Measure *Suits or Overcoats,*
Made to Satisfy *\$15.00 and up.*

Siebler Tailoring Co.
1010-1012 Calhoun St.

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TELEPHONE 2603

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS,
SUIT CASES, GOOD
LEATHER GOODS

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and built to order.

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CHOCOLATE is a guarantee
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1032 Calhoun St.

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Pictures and Framing.

Window Shades Made to Order.

**Quayle & Sons,
Steel Engravers,**

Albany, New York.

Samples of Wedding Stationery upon request.

Correspondence Solicited.

Ask to see the Varsity overcoats at
Patterson's.

Mr. Merrell.—Miss Naylor will please
contract the Devil's coffin for next Wed-
nesday.

Ask to see the No. 3 Varsity suit at
Patterson's.

"Frat, school and class posters made
to order by E. C. Hamilton, Tel. 835."

Mr. Lane.—How did they cook that
meat?

Dan B.—With the fire, of course.

"Hamilton drawing: All kinds of ath-
letic posters made to order. Tel 835."

**L. O. HULL
WALL PAPER**

Wholesale and Retail.

All kinds. SURE to please you,

830 CALHOUN ST.

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Neckwear Is Our Hobby

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and enlarged.

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DR. JAMIESON

706 CALHOUN STREET

Over Mergentheim's

Phone 1988.

Hamilton Pictures. Fraternity, sorority, class, and school posters a speciality.
ED. HAMILTON.

1st. Soph—I come, Mr. Rathort.

All—Mr. McMillan calls:—Anon.—
Fair is Foul, and Foul is fair,
In hall, in room and everywhere.

Looking glass shine wont go any more.
Troy Laundry does press work on shirts.
Phone 160.

Press work finish is correct and the shirts fit, guaranteed at the Troy Laundry. Phone 160.

“Father, who was Shylock?”

“Great goodness boy! you attend church and Sunday school every week and don't know who Shylock was?”
Cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. “Go and read your Bible, sir.

THE COLLEGE BOYS SHOP FOR CORRECT STYLES,

UMSTED & BREITT

The Place to get **N**eat Half Dollar 4-in-hands.
Natty Fancy Vests
Nobby Shirts, Etc.

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Carbon and Platinum Work a Specialty

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of
Letterheads, Checks
Cards, Cover Designs
in Photo Litho *Quints.*
Pen and Ink
& Wash Drawings

HALF TONES & ZINC ETCHING

FT. WAYNE ENGRAVING CO.

"Mother, is father rich?" "Yes, very rich, Johnny. He's worth two millions and a half." "How's that, mother?" "Oh, he values you at one million, me at a million, the the baby at half a million." "Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

The Patterson store sells the swell "duds."

Why.—The suburban train car had long since gone, and they had been walking toward home for an hour. "John" she ventured after a long silence, "How far have we walked?" "Dunno," growled John as he felt his melting collar. "You didn't take a pedometer for a husband." She said nothing. The next morning John was going fishing and instead of awakening at 4 he slept until 7. "Great scott!" he exclaimed, searching for his shoes. "Why didn't you arouse me earlier?" "Arouse you?" she said sweetly. Why, because you didn't take an alarm clock for a wife.

You are welcome at all times to the most up-to-date place in town.

UMSTED AND BREITT.

Things men wear

The following is the case with a good many of us. Doctor to patient. "There doesn't seem very much wrong with you, my man. What's the matter?"

Patient. "Well, sir, it's like this I eats well, an' I drinks well an' I sleeps well, but when I has to work—I'm all of a tremble."



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SATISFACTION

IN EVERY PAIR OF WALK-OVER SHOES
THERE'S SATISFACTION, FIT, STYLE AND
COMFORT, AND WALK-OVER QUALITY
HAS SET A NEW STANDARD FOR SHOES.

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Largest Income.
Most Insurance.
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Policies Incontestable
And Non-Forfeitable.

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East End Tri-State Bldg.

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You find a full line of
MILLINERY GOODS.

A FULL LINE OF HATS.

From the cheapest to the finest.
Call and examine the large assortment.

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704 Calhoun Street; Opp. Court House.

THE SHIELD CLOTHING CO.

HIGH GRADE

CLOTHING
FURNISHINGS
HATS

A STORE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.

The Pocket Knife
Headquarters of the city
is

J. M. STOUDE & CO.

122 E. COLUMBIA ST.

Knives 25 cents and up.

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ALWAYS FOR THE BEST.

"THE LEGAL"
"THE RALSTON"
"NETTLETON"
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NONE BETTER.

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